

# St. Anthony's Messenger.

ORGAN OF THE THIRD ORDER OF ST. FRANCIS

AND DEVOTED TO

THE INTERESTS OF THE HOLY FAMILY ASSOCIATION.

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No. 10.

MARCH, 1911.

VOL. XVIII.

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(FOR ST. ANTHONY'S MESSENGER.)

## *St. Benedict, with His Holy Disciples Maurus and Placidus.*

Dear Saint, who through thy life wert blessed with peace,  
And who, to thy disciples, fain would teach  
The Virtue of Obedience, that they, too,  
Might share the Christlike life reserved for each  
Who strives, with effort tireless to the end,  
To reach the summit which is known alone  
To those who faithful are, in life and death,  
Would that our lives might emulate thine own!

Thy followers, like thee, with zeal were fired,—  
Obedience, with them, overshadowed all,—  
So much so that when God Himself inspired  
Thy heart to answer drowning Placid's call,  
Thou didst command St. Maurus speed to save  
The life of his companion, and, in joy,  
He walked, in simple faith, upon the wave,  
And brought to land the almost helpless boy!

\* \* \*

Saint Benedict, be ours a faith sublime  
That stronger grows with ravages of Time!

—Amadeus, O. S. F.



## The Tertiaries' Corner.



(For ST. ANTHONY'S MESSENGER.)

### St. Elizabeth of Hungary,

Patroness of the Third Order of St. Francis.

(Interesting Notices selected by F. McG.)

#### III.

##### SOME INCIDENTS OF HER CHILDHOOD DAYS.



DEEP and serious piety, uncommon in children of a tender age, was remarkable in the early girlhood days of Elizabeth. The example of Hedwig, her maternal aunt, whose piety was austere and fervent, undoubtedly influenced her. But misfortune, God's favorite angel to chosen souls, spoke more convincingly of the frailty of earthly greatness and man's only business on earth, than all teaching and example might have done. Two years after her arrival in Thuringia her mother, Queen Gertrude, was cruelly murdered by the subjects of her husband. Historians do not agree in stating the reasons for this unchristian conduct. Some claim it to have been an act of revenge on part of the sovereign of Croatia and Dalmatia, whose wife Gertrude's brother, Berchtold, is said to have wronged; others suppose her to have been the victim of a plot formed against the life of her husband, and that in order to give him time to escape she delivered herself up to the blows of the conspirators. Whatever the causes may have been, the fact remains that this sad blow influenced Elizabeth's after-life and brought home to her the truth of the poet's words:

... Tis o'er a sea of tears  
Predestined souls must ever sail  
To reach their native spheres,

and turned her heart to "the Lord, who is good and giveth strength in the day of trouble." (Nahum. I., 7.)

On Elizabeth's arrival in Thuringia, Landgrave Hermann chose seven noble maidens, amongst them his own daughter Agnes, to be her companions; all were about the age of the young princess and were brought up with her. One of these maidens, Guta, remained in her service until a short time before her death, and to her we owe the knowledge of the details of Elizabeth's early life. These statements of Guta were publicly made before the ecclesiastical authorities at the time of Elizabeth's canonization and were carefully preserved and forwarded to the Holy See.

We love those flowers best  
That are plucked the earliest,  
As it were for God's own breast,

and we love a child's piety, because pure and true. Elizabeth's thoughts and feelings seemed centered in the desire of serving God and meriting heaven. Whenever an occasion offered, she went to the Castle Chapel, and there, lying at the foot of the altar, would open before her a large psalter—a book containing psalms and prayers used in the Divine Office—though as yet she knew not how to read; then folding her tiny hands and raising her eyes to heaven, she prayed with the recollection and fervor of a grown person.

At play with her companions in running and hopping along, she would lead the way to the Chapel, and finding it locked, would fervently kiss the lock, door and walls out of love for the Lord Who dwelt within.

In her sports, in which there were games of chance, she was governed by the thought of God and heaven; she would distribute her winnings among poor girls in return for some "Paters" and "Aves," which she would encourage them to say.

At times unforeseen obstacles would not allow her to say her usual number of prayers or make as many genuflections as she would wish. Then she would say to her companions: "Let us lie upon the ground to measure which of us is the tallest," and stretching herself successively by the side of each little girl, she would profit of the moment to humble herself before God and to repeat an "Ave." When afterwards a wife and mother, she often related with much pleasure these innocent wiles and tricks of her childhood. She would often lead her little friends to the cemetery and would say to them: "Remember that one day we shall be nothing but dust," and again: "Behold the bones of the dead; these people were once living as we are, and are dead as we shall be. For this reason we must love God; kneel and say with me: "O Lord, by your cruel death, and by your dear Mother Mary, deliver these poor souls from their sufferings! O Lord, by your five sacred wounds, grant that we may be saved!" The children would repeat these prayers after her; and they would often relate that the Infant Jesus came to her and, greeting her tenderly, would play with her.

Her love for holy modesty would cause her to always arrange her veil in such a manner that only the least possible portions of her childish features could be seen. All money that she received, and by any pretense could obtain from her adopted parents, was given to the poor. She would carefully gather all the leavings in the kitchen and secretly distribute them among the poor and needy of the town, little noticing the displeasure it awakened among the officers and ladies of the court.

One of the customs existing at this period was that every princess and maiden of the highest rank should choose by lot one from amongst the holy apostles to be her special patron. Although the Bl. Virgin was her special patroness, she still had a particular friendship, as an old manuscript puts it, for St. John the Evangelist, because of his virginal purity. Earnestly begging the Lord to assign St. John as her patron she hopefully went with her companions to the election. For this purpose twelve tapers, each being inscribed with the name of an apostle, were laid upon the altar, and each postulant advanced and took the first that chance presented to her. The taper which bore the name of St. John was taken up by Elizabeth, and though she twice renewed the trial, each time had the same success. This incident increased her love and devotion for the disciple whom the Lord loved, and during all her life she faithfully venerated him; she never refused anything that was asked her in St. John's name.

On Sundays and festivals she would lay aside some portion of her jewels, preferring to honor God rather by humility of heart and exterior, than by splendor of dress; and Guta tells us that she would not put on gloves or laced ruffles, worn by all ladies of rank, until after Mass.

Elizabeth daily sought opportunities to conquer self-will in little things in order to prepare for greater sacrifices. If successful in any games she played, she would stop and say: "Now that I have been so fortunate, I will give up for the love of God." She loved dancing according to the universal custom of the countries in which she was born and reared. But when she had danced one round, she would say: "It is enough to give one turn to the world. I will deprive myself of the others in honor of Jesus Christ."

Meanwhile young Louis, her betrothed, was continually with her, and she felt great pleasure in being near him. She called him "my dear brother;" and he was wont to address her, "my dear friend—my sweet sister."

Elizabeth had scarcely reached her ninth year, when Hermann, the father of Louis, died, in 1216. Louis, though but sixteen years of age, was heir to the throne; his younger brothers, Henry and Conrad, each received an appanage with the title of Count, and thus shared in the government of part of the dominions of the deceased Landgrave, according to the custom of the house of Thuringia.

Hermann's death was a severe loss to Elizabeth. He had always loved her and treated her as his own daughter, and during his life no one dared to interfere in her religious practices. But now the scenes had been changed. Though Louis, her "dear brother," had become

sovereign of the country, his extreme youth made him in some measure dependent on his mother, the Duchess Sophia, daughter of the famous Otto von Wittelsbach, Duke of Bavaria, and she openly showed her displeasure at Elizabeth's piety and devotions. Agnes, her companion and future sister-in-law, as vain as she was beautiful, peevish at her retiring disposition, plainly told her that she was only fit to be a waiting-maid or a servant. The other girls of the court, noticing Elizabeth's waning interest in their sports, dances and gaieties, repeated Agnes' taunts and openly mocked their little friend. Even high officers of the court blushed not to ridicule and publicly insult her.

Elizabeth had begun to show a distaste for the society of the court and preferred the company of the humble daughters of some of the citizens of Eisenach, especially of the children of the poor among whom she distributed her alms. The insults and coldness of her princely companions only served to make the society of the poor more sweet and dear to her. She never allowed pride, or wounded self-love, or impatience to dwell in her heart.



(For ST. ANTHONY'S MESSENGER.)

## **St. Francis and the Passion of Our Lord.**



EDITATION on the Passion of our blessed Redeemer was for St. Francis, the strength and motive power on the path of perfection, the norm and rule of all his words, thoughts and actions. This meditation impressed indelibly on his mind the image of Christ, so that it was impossible for him to live for aught else save Jesus, and Him Crucified. He became in a word a holocaust of grateful love, consumed by the memory of the boundless mercy of the Divine Victim.

For many of us, however, meditation on the Passion seems to be a pious pastime, a dainty morsel for sensational, and, alas! ephemeral devotion. We are not permeated with the thought of all that the Savior has done and suffered for us; it does not take root deep enough to exercise a beneficial influence on our daily lives; it has not become a part of ourselves; a living and efficacious reality. We at times taste the chalice of sufferings, but we recoil from drinking, much less, emptying it to the dregs for Jesus' love, hence the supernatural and fortifying grace which made our holy Father Francis a very giant in his day, a giant in the heights of virtue, which he scaled, in the noble deeds he achieved, the sufferings he endured. We press for a moment the bitter bunch of myrrh to our bosoms and lovingly inhale its fragrance, but we

are too cowardly to bury it deep down in our cold, selfish hearts, or to bear in our bodies the sufferings of our Lord. Hence this aroma, the most congenial atmosphere for the development of genuine Christian virtue, soon evaporates and we are self-indulgent and tepid as before.

This, dear Tertiaries, is the cause that the contrast between our lives and the life of our holy Father Francis has been till now so painfully striking. Strive, therefore, to acquire this spirit of solid devotion to Jesus, by earnest contemplation of His unwearied love, of His ever ready sacrifice, of His lavish bounty towards us. Would these thoughts not shame us into the generous love of self-immolation? Is not the thought of the invincible patience, the sweetness and gentleness of Jesus, while he labored and suffered for us here below, a shield against all the attacks of anger and petulance? Surely it would be a very hard heart, indeed, that could steel itself against its fellow-men when the sweet, plaintive cry of the expiring Lamb of God in His death throes is heard pleading: "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." The remembrance of our beloved Redeemer's ignominious blind-folding, when deeply pondered on, will form an impenetrable veil for eyes eager to feast on the gaieties of this vain world. No bridle so effective in curbing the restless motion of the tongue, ever ready to wound charity or dissipate recollection, as the frequent and loving meditation on the almost unbroken silence of our Lord during His awful sufferings. The heart of him who ponders deeply on this sweet theme, a theme of which the true Christian never tires, is guarded by an impregnable citadel, a citadel against which the attacks of Satan and his ally, the world, will ever result in total discomfiture.

Seek thus, dear brethren and sisters of the Third Order, to reap rich fruits for salvation from the devotion to the Passion of our dear Lord, encross deep in your hearts the image of the Crucified and of His dolorous Mother Mary, the Queen of Martyrs. B.

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### **Honoring St. Joseph.**

If we wish to know how much we ought to love and venerate St. Joseph, we should go to Bethlehem and Nazareth, and see how Jesus loved and honored him. Think of his uprightness, his fidelity to the trust confided to him by God, and his readiness to obey every command of God, no matter how much trouble it might cost him. If we wish to honor St. Joseph, these are the virtues we should try to practice, and if we persevere, as St. Joseph did, we shall gain that most excellent of all habits—the habit of virtue.

(FOR ST. ANTHONY'S MESSENGER.)

## Silence.



ANY think silence a virtue for the cloister only; many have never thought of it as a virtue at all; very few know what the word means, other than a natural or constrained quietness or scarcity of words. But silence means something more than that—it means recollectedness.

Let us take a most beautiful example. You remember that when Mary and Joseph found the Child Jesus in the temple, and the divine Child answered His Mother's chiding with the mysterious words: "Did you not know that I should be about my Father's business?" The evangelist tells us, "His Mother kept all these words in her heart." (Luke II., 51.) Again, when the Magi had come and adored the Infant Savior, and had told how a Star in the East had led them to His manger birthplace, we are told that "Mary kept all these words, pondering them in her heart." (Luke II., 19.) This was true silence.

Silence does not forbid us to talk. Often it is our duty to talk. "All things have their season, and in their times all things pass under heaven. . . . There is a time to keep silence, and a time to speak." (Eccles. III., 1, 7.) Charity demands that we not only *be* pleasant, but make pleasure for others. Conversation should never be allowed to lag. But our soul must also converse with God; and this cannot be "in the noise of words;" "His voice is not heard in the streets." We should always be recollected, if we wish to hear the gentle voice of God's inspirations. But this does not mean that we may not enjoy the company of others or share their pleasure. One may habitually fall into mopishness, walk into another's room, knock vigorously for admission at his own door, and the like, yet not be recollected; such things do not betoken recollectedness, but betray distraction.

Recollectedness consists in:

- I. Silence of work;
- II. Silence of words; and
- III. Silence of thought.

Let us look at these three things in the light of the Blessed Virgin's example.

I. *Silence of work*, that is, external silence, avoiding whatever may so distract us that we forget God, and our very selves. When is it that we offend God and harm ourselves most, if not when intoxicated with some all-absorbing distraction?

1. *Novel reading* is such a distraction. Imagine the Blessed Virgin reading a sensational novel!

2. *Wandering senses* is another pitfall. How different from our reckless eagerness to see and hear everything, was the Blessed Virgin's "pondering in her heart." There is a treasure of thought in that beautiful invocation of the Litany, "Virgin most prudent."

3. *Busy idleness* is the most dangerous of all. If we take heed to our unnecessary doings, how many of our errands are on busy idleness! Again, how beautiful is the Blessed Mother's example! "All her ways are beautiful ways." "She hath opened her hands to the needy, she hath stretched out her hands to the poor, she hath looked well to the paths of her house, and hath not eaten her bread idle." What is the Holy Coat, "the seamless garment, woven throughout," that labor of love, but a lasting token of the Blessed Mother's diligence?

II. *Silence of words*, that is, the prudent and moderate use of the noble gift of speech. If we could but understand the sublime beauty of that unbroken silence, in which God's infinite wisdom was wrapped for an eternity, we would be filled with admiration for this sublime virtue. "For while all things were in quiet *silence*, and the night was in the midst of her course, Thy almighty Word leaped down from heaven from Thy royal throne." (Wisdom, XVIII., 14-15).

Of well-timed words, how beautiful is Mary's example! For instance at Cana of Galilee, at the wedding-feast; she simply said to Jesus: "They have no wine," and to the servants, "Whatsoever He shall say to you, do ye." (John II.) But more beautiful still is her example of silence. Only about one hundred and fifty words of hers have come down to us, and of these, about one hundred make up the "Magnificat," her prayer of praise. Are two-thirds of our words such? How many of ours are

1. "*Idle words*," "words without understanding," to no reasonable purpose, giddy?

2. *Harmful words*, which distract the memory for weeks, or even years? Are there no moments when we offend gentle charity, just forsooth to show a certain levity of temper, or genius, or wittiness, or quickness of repartee; as if we did not know, or did not believe, it better to have the name of being good-natured, loving and gentle, than sarcastic, flippant and witty?

If the following little story of Sir Roger L'Estrange may be told without disparagement of so serious a subject, it illustrates in a humorous manner the effect of these uncharitable witticisms.

A company of waggish boys stood by a pond watching for frogs, and as soon as a frog put up its head the boys pelted it with stones. "Children," said one of the frogs, "you never consider that though this be play to you 'tis death to us." So might Charity say to Sarcasm.

3. *Sinful words*, apart from that vulgarity, and "such things as

should not even be named among Christians," how many of our words are stained with venial sin! "For in many things," says St. James, "we all offend. If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man. He is able also with a bridle to lead about the whole body. For if we put bits into the mouths of horses, that they may obey us, and we turn about their whole body; behold also ships, whereas they are great, and are driven by strong winds, yet are they turned about with a small helm, withersoever the force of the governor willeth; even so the tongue is indeed a little member, and boasteth great things. Behold how small a fire kindleth a great wood. And the tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity. . . . For every nature of beasts, and of birds, and of serpents, and of the rest, is tamed, and hath been tamed, by the nature of man; but the tongue no man can tame, an unquiet evil, full of deadly poison. By it we bless God and the Father; and by it we curse men, who are made after the likeness of God. Out of the same mouth proceedeth blessing and cursing. My brethren, these things ought not so to be. Doth a fountain send forth, out of the same hole, sweet and bitter water? Who is a wise man and endowed with knowledge among you? Let him show by a good conversation his work in the meekness of wisdom. But if you have bitter zeal, and there be contentions in your hearts, glory not and be not liars against the truth. For this is not wisdom, descending from above; but earthly, sensual, devilish. . . . The wisdom that is from above, first indeed is chaste, then peaceable, modest, easy to be persuaded, consenting to the good, full of mercy and good fruits, without judging, without dissimulation." (Chapter III., 2-18.)

III. *Silence of thought*, that is, avoidance of "thoughts without understanding," and prudent judgment in the choice and control of thoughts. Let us take an example: Two men walk through a beautiful garden. One sees everything at once without attention to any particular tree or flower. The other pays close attention to the roses, comparing one kind with another, and all with other kinds of flowers and trees, noting the difference of size, color and scent. It is easily seen which of the men profit more by the walk in the garden of flowers. Hence we learn what is meant by silence of thought. It means:

1. *Choice of thought*—Gathering and choosing matter from good reading and conversation and dwelling on it at leisure.

2. *Control of thought*—For if we do not control our thoughts they will control us. Insanity is uncontrolled thought.

3. *The evil of idle thought* is very great; loss of time, dissipation, temptation.

4. *Orderly thinking* is the source of all knowledge, genius and success. By it we draw lessons from the past, make use of the present

and foresee the future. What was said about silence of work and words suggests many helps to mental silence and directs our thinking to a definite object.

From all this we see how much precious time is lost and how our noblest faculties are degraded by thoughtless words and actions, and above all by dissipated thinking. If we made a jumping-jack of ourselves we would but degrade our body; "thoughts without understanding" degrade the soul, the noblest part of our being; words of nonsense degrade the proper organ of thought—language.

(Fr. N. R., O. F. M.)

## St. Patrick and the Shamrock.



WHEN the glorious Saint whose feast we celebrate on the 17th of March, stood at Tara and preached before Laeghaire, King of Ireland, who was surrounded by all his great men, his learned Druids, judges and valiant chieftains, he explained the fundamental truth and mystery of Christianity by a little plant picked from the garden of the royal palace. On that occasion, which may be called the birthday of Christianity in Ireland, St. Patrick gave to the Irish nation an emblem which has ever since continued to be the symbol of the faith and of the virtues of the Irish race. On the soil it loves, the shamrock grows watered by the tears and warmed by the smiles of a passionate sky. The shamrock's verdure never dies, it thrives in sunshine and storm.

Its three leaves and one stem are a symbol of the three persons and the one nature of the Deity; a symbol of that mystery from which all the other Christian mysteries spring, or with which they are intimately connected. It is also a symbol of the three theological virtues, faith, hope and charity, which are the root, the branch and the flower of justification. The freshness of the shamrock recalls Irish faith which is ever green; its tenacity of life in the ground, for it "will take root and flourish though under foot 'tis trod," recalls the undying hopes and aspirations of the people; while its pure white blossoms are symbols of charity and of love.

The shamrock reminds us also of the great virtues that characterize the Irish race; virtues which are the effects of Christian belief and practice. These virtues, as they appear in history, are three: *Faith*, *Chastity* and *Courage*. No one who has read history can deny that the Irish race is specially remarkable for these three virtues.

The religious *Faith* of the Irish, like that of the Romans as extolled by St. Paul, is known to the whole world. The "Island of Saints" was a beacon light of faith and of science, when the rest of Europe was in

darkness. This has not been a dead but a living faith manifested by missionary zeal and good works. No sooner was Ireland converted than it became a hive of apostles for the rest of Europe.

The *Chastity* of the Irish race followed as a natural consequence of their Christian faith. Even during the life-time of St. Patrick the whole island blossomed with convents and monasteries, filled with men and women vowed to holy purity, as well as to poverty and obedience. The fair daughters of St. Patrick are as pure and their modesty as fragrant as the blossoms on the hawthorn hedges of Erin.

Nor can anyone question the third great quality of the race which is *Courage*. By courage we do not mean merely the daring of the soldier, who fearlessly storms the fort or charges desperately on the foe. That is not the highest form of courage, but often the courage of excitement and of impulse. The highest form of courage is fortitude, such as the martyrs showed in times of persecution. Self-control, endurance and patience are the elements of true courage and the Irish have shown all these qualities. They have endured persecution for seven hundred years, and although inhumanly outraged and often scourged by famine, despoiled of their property, *no true Irishman* has ever yet given up the faith taught his ancestors by St. Patrick. And may every Irish man and woman, boy and girl, when wearing the shamrock on their breast, remember the beautiful symbols it represents: "Faith, Chastity and Courage."—(Msgr. H. A. Braun, in "*Waifs and Strays*."\*)



### St. Teresa on Devotion to St. Joseph.

I know of no one that was truly devoted to St. Joseph, and who showed it in his actions, that did not advance in virtue.

Persons that are devoted to prayer should cherish a particular affection for St. Joseph.

I do not remember ever to have prayed to St. Joseph without obtaining something from him.

The experience of the graces granted me through the intercession of St. Joseph, makes me wish that I could persuade everybody to have a special devotion to this great saint.

I do not think that, for several years past, I have asked in vain anything from St. Joseph on his festival day (March 19).

I took the glorious St. Joseph for my patron and intercessor, and recommended myself much to him; I have since found out that on that and other occasions this great saint was most prompt and generous in helping me.

\* Published recently by the *Franciscan Missionary Sisters*, 225 E. 45th street, New York City. Price, \$1.25.



## Pious Union in Honor ..of the.. Holy Ghost

"We earnestly desire that piety may increase and be inflamed towards the Holy Ghost to whom especially all of us owe the grace of following the paths of truth and virtue." POPE LEO XIII, *Encyclical*, May 9, 1897.



(For St. ANTHONY'S MESSENGER.)

### Thoughts on the Divine Paraclete.



A body cannot live without the soul which animates it, so the affections of the heart which we term "love" cannot exist in regard to God unless quickened by the Holy Ghost.—*St. Bernard.*

A soul that is attached to the maxims of the world is not fit to receive the Holy Spirit, it is most necessary that we have an ardent desire and make every effort to keep possession of Him if we wish Him to remain with us.—*St. Chrysostom.*

I earnestly beg the good God to guide you by His Holy Spirit.—*Ven. M. Julia.*

Create a clean heart in me, O God, and renew a right spirit within my bowels. Cast me not away from Thy Face and take not Thy Holy Spirit from me.—*The Royal Psalmist.*

The grace of the Holy Ghost is the breath of life which God breathes upon the face of the soul; in truth, it is He who raises up the soul to life again that in sin was dead.—*St. Anthony of Padua.*

God will not give His Spirit to him who is flesh and who desires to live according to the laws of the flesh, rejecting the laws of the Spirit; but if he who is flesh endeavors to change his sensual life, grieving over the time he spent in it, God will pour forth His Spirit upon him.—*Ven. de Ponte.*

As the pen writes only what the writer wishes, so the preacher of the Gospel speaks nothing of his own but what the Holy Spirit gives to him.—*St. Basil.*

I recognize the presence of the Holy Ghost and the certainty of His visit by the secret changes I feel in my heart, by the diminished heat of concupiscence, by the correction of my exterior deportment and the reformation of my whole interior.—*St. Bernard.*

The Holy Ghost chose to appear under the appearance of tongues of fire. This is the only fire which has inflamed the Saints to do such great things for God, to love their enemies, to desire contempt, to deprive themselves of all earthly goods and to embrace with delight even torments and death.—*St. Alphonsus.*

N. B.—To become a member of the "Pious Union," send stamped envelope with your address thereon, to the Rev. Fr. Superior, O. M. Cap., St. Anthony's Mission, Mendocino, Cal.

## Daily Mass in Lent.



THE most acceptable way to pass Lent is by attending daily Mass. It is not of obligation like the fast and abstinence during the holy season, but it is a most commendable act and it is most consoling to all who practice it. Something for Catholics to be proud of is the number that go to Mass on week days during the Lenten season. The nearness of the churches to the homes of our people, and the at least two or three Masses in every church make it quite possible for most all to hear Mass daily. It requires, of course, some sacrifice—the going out a little earlier to office, store, shop or school; going generally, too, a little out of the way. But one is glad to make these sacrifices for love of Him who sacrificed Himself for us. This is a beautiful way to begin the day in Lent, and they who follow it find a joy of heart and peace of soul all the day long afterwards. Is it not a foretaste of the joy which the blessed in heaven know all the time? Comes it not from the union we are permitted to pass with our Lord dwelling on the altar?

We receive His blessing in a marked manner every time we are present at holy Mass, and that blessing remains with us. It is well said that "God hears the man who often hears the Mass," for it is exemplified in the blessings they receive who make it their practice. They are of every rank and station—kings and queens in their palaces, merchants, doctors, lawyers, teachers, captains of industry as well as workmen, busy women of business pursuits as well as their shop girls—they come from every grade and every walk and all are animated by the one thought, namely, to give to God the homage which they know is most acceptable to Him—the infinite and all sufficient sacrifice, the sacrifice of the Mass. It is an honor to be present when the holy sacrifice is offered, and they are, indeed, privileged who have the opportunity. It costs an effort for some, but that effort is gladly made, especially in Lent, for it is so fitting to be present at the offering up of the Mass in the holy season which commemorates the great sacrifice on Calvary of which it is the daily and momentary renewal.—(Bishop Colton in *"Catholic Union and Times."*)

—ST. BERNARD, speaking of St. Joseph's power of dispensing favors to his clients, says: "To some saints it is given to protect us on certain occasions, but to St. Joseph it is allowed to help us in every necessity, and to defend all those who fly to him." St. Alphonsus bids us apply to St. Joseph for three great graces in particular: Pardon of our sins—love of Jesus Christ—and the crowning grace of a happy death.



(For ST. ANTHONY'S MESSENGER.)

## Is Your Confession Good?



EVERY man is a sinner, and sinners cannot go to heaven, unless they repent of their evil ways. These are truths which no one will dare deny, although many nowadays seem to believe that there is no such a thing as sin. Our first parents sinned, and though Christ redeemed us from sin, we sin in consequence of our depraved nature which is so much inclined to evil. Of all this we are so strongly reminded in the holy season of Lent. The Holy Church demands from us that we receive our dear Lord in holy Communion during the Easter time, and in order to receive worthily we must be free from sin, at least from mortal sin. The means of cleansing our soul is the Sacrament of Penance or confession.

Some people think they are good Catholics because they receive the holy Sacraments quite often. Such people labor under the impression that confession and holy Communion are the main thing in Christianity. This is a mistake and a fatal one, as the holy Sacraments are only a means of grace to strengthen us and confirm us in faith. A true Christian must do good and shun evil, must love God above all and love his neighbor as himself, fulfill the duties of his respective state of life in conformity to the holy Gospel. This is rather difficult, and in order to enable us to be true followers of our dear Lord, God has given us various means of grace. These means are prayer, hearing the Word of God in sermons and instructions, and the reception of the holy Sacraments.

Now, if you go to confession and receive holy Communion quite often, you are making use of a means to holiness and perfection, but you are not as yet a saint and a true child of God unless you show your faith by the good works, the fruit of religion. Some people would not miss holy Communion for anything in the world, but the moment they

come home from church, their tongue upon which they received Christ in holy Communion, is most irreverently abusing the poor neighbor! They know the faults of the whole neighborhood, and since it would be too bad to keep such important secrets to themselves, they begin to peddle them in the neighborhood. Can such heartless, cruel people really believe that holy Communion has done them much good? But just touch them on this point, and see how quickly the spirit of love, patience and forbearance, with which they seemed filled but a few moments ago, is gone like some volatile oil that will evaporate unless corked tightly!

Others again are making bad confessions because they are satisfied with having received absolution, no matter how and what their heart says to their careless disposition. Christ in giving to His Apostles the power to forgive sins, distinctly tells them to *judge* the sinner asking pardon. "Whose sins you forgive, they are forgiven, whose sins you retain, they are retained." The absolute condition for forgiveness is repentance! God cannot forgive a sinner unless the sinner is sorry for having offended the Divine Majesty, how then should a Priest, who is but a minister of God, be able to do it?

Do not deceive yourself, my dear friend, and imagine that your sins are forgiven, if the sorrow of the soul, contrition, is missing. Now, I ask in the name of common sense, what kind of contrition have such people, who for years and years go to confession, telling the same sins and circumstances as though they had duplicate copies or a printed list of sins, and never amend, never change to the better? If a physician tells the drunkard to abstain from drink if he desires to be cured and regain his health, is he not obliged to obey the physician? Most assuredly; and in like manner the sinner must be obedient to the Confessor and make use of the wholesome means prescribed for him, otherwise it will be the same story over. And is not this something terrible to think of, that man will abuse the kindness and mercy of God, Who is so anxious to pardon the sinner, if the sinner will do penance?

Most shamefully, however, do such Christians abuse the Sacrament of penance, who despise the Priesthood, ridicule the Priests and deceive their Confessor in confession under the plea that he cannot look into their hearts. The Priests are the successors of the Apostles, and the power given to these immediate followers of Christ has been handed down to the Priests, who are in union with the true Church of Christ. He who despises the Priest most naturally despises Christ, as without Christ there is no idea of a Priesthood and the Sacraments of the Church. And as long as one despises Christ, he cannot obtain pardon for his sins, no matter if he goes to confession to an ordinary Priest.

or to a Bishop or even to the Pope. To deceive the Priest means to try and deceive God, which is simply impossible. Such people deceive themselves and instead of obtaining pardon, burden their soul with a new crime. And this crime is a sacrilege, a desecration of a Sacrament instituted for the welfare of man. It is trampling the grace of God, and following the example of Judas, the traitor!

Whence all this abuse of the holy Sacrament? In many instances it is a want of instruction, in others it is downright malice. To make a good confession take your time in making your examination of conscience. Think of your sins, never mind other people, unless it is a circumstance connected with your sin. The longer you have been away from confession, the longer should be your preparation. Old, rusty nails in an oak plank are not easily removed! Let your contrition be sincere, as though your confession was the last of your life, and your resolution so strong that nothing can shake you in it. Then your confession will be good. Why should you be afraid of the Priest? Did you ever hear of a Priest harming anybody in the confessional? Lay aside all fear and look upon the Priest as your best friend, speak to him as you would to our dear Lord and your confession will be a good one, and you will experience how good God is to the penitent sinner. Will you do this in the coming Easter-time? B. B.



## **St. Joseph, the Model of Workingmen.**



WE are thoroughly convinced that true devotion to St. Joseph is the best remedy that can be proposed to the evils of modern society, and especially for the trials under which the great mass of workingmen are suffering. St. Joseph was a mechanic who got his living by the sweat of his brow, and he may, therefore, very properly be proposed as the patron of laboring men and of mechanics of every class. We naturally associate with him the great Master, who, though Himself the Creator of the world, condescended to learn the trade and to work in the shop of his foster-father. What a wonderful lesson is here! What an extraordinary example is presented in these two lowly toilers, quietly and unostentatiously laboring in their calling; the son, though God-man, submitting to the guidance and the instruction of the father, and the father though advised of the dignity and mission of the son, yet content to labor on patiently and cheerfully for the support of the illustrious personages committed to his care. How closely do these examples bring the Gospel of Jesus home to the hearts and experience of the great mass of the

toilers of this world, and how forcibly does it teach us the great lesson of patient endurance of the trials of life, buoyed up by the hope of a better life to come! Very different is this Gospel from the Gospel of the world which encourages men to hope for a terrestrial Paradise, and to spend their lives in impracticable dreams of social equality. Let it be distinctly understood, however, that the Gospel of Christ does not discourage any legitimate efforts for the improvement of society, and especially for the deliverance of the working classes from unjust and oppressive measures on the part of exacting corporations. It will not prevent their combining and acting in concert for their own protection, provided they act judiciously, and trench not upon the rights of others; and provided, also and especially, that they avoid those unscrupulous demagogues, ambitious leaders and so-called walking-delegates, who would seduce them from their allegiance to their faith, and from the binding obligation and pressing necessity of good morals and good citizenship.

But what the masses need is the important lesson of patience and of contentment under the inevitable trials and afflictions of this life. We say inevitable, because if there is any one truth demonstrated by history, and confirmed by reason and the nature of the case, it is that so long as human nature remains as it is, there is absolutely no hope that the condition of society, upon the whole, will be essentially changed. Irregularities must necessarily exist. It cannot be otherwise. They are inherent in the very constitution of human nature. These inequalities cannot be remedied, however they may be mitigated by legislation, and as long as human nature has sway, they will result in untold evils. The contest between labor and capital is perennial.

Under these circumstances, what shall we do? It were poor satisfaction to worry one's life out under the galling yoke of servitude or the burden of poverty, made more irksome and intolerable by the spirit of discontent. Thank God, St. Joseph, as the head of the Holy Family, has revealed to us the secret of contentment and happiness in the midst of poverty and lowliness. His Son was the embodiment of God's love to man, and in order to show that that message was principally to the poor, the lowly, and the oppressed, He chose that condition for himself, and was content to be subject to His foster-father, and to practice his trade with him. St. Joseph had the royal blood of David in his veins, yet he was only too happy to fulfill his high mission in the humble condition which his son had chosen; and admirably did he fulfill it. He was pre-eminently a just man, true to his high calling and faithful in all the relations of life; but in nothing does his admirable example shine with a more beautiful and attractive lustre than in the meekness and patience with which he submitted to his lot, and bore the many

trials and sufferings incident to his position. Would to God that the great masses, even of Catholic laborers, would have recourse to him, and imitate his example. Thus only can they secure contentment and peace in the midst of the sorrows and sufferings of life, and exert that healing influence on society which is the exclusive prerogative of the true Catholic Christian.



(For ST. ANTHONY'S MESSENGER.)

## Plain Truths Plainly Told.\*



JOURNALISM is a mighty power, indeed; we may say the mightiest force of the moral world. The *journalist* of the present day is the "power behind the throne." He styles himself the chief educator; he fashions the ideas of the people; he is the great factor in politics; he is, so to say, the "factotum" in the social world, and *journalism* is the gospel of the modern time. We find the people, even Christians and Catholics, better posted in the daily newspapers than in the Bible and the catechism.

These are facts which cannot be denied, and we wish that the journalist would be conscious of his great and immense responsibilities. The journalist by profession is, among all the toilers of the pen, the one who can do most good or most evil, according as he makes a right or a wrong use of his influence, power and opportunities.

Neophytes in civil engineering stand quite amazed and almost stupefied at the gigantic scheme of constructing the "Panama Canal," and yet it is a greater work and more admirable success of energy, sagacity and untired thrift to create a great daily journal and to make it a national institution, a mighty and leading factor for the communication of true enlightenment. For our daily newspapers not only furnish to the readers the information of all the news and happenings of the last twenty-four hours throughout the world, but review all the important events and every possible topic of interest in the world of politics, literature, art, science, commerce and religion, and—yes—of the pulpit, publishing a so-called sermon in the Sunday editions.

"The great daily newspaper" then is in itself an abridged history of the world's life for each day. The question, therefore, is for a true man having the control of this daily record of the world around him, whether he should, like the conscientious painter, present to the public only such matters and aspects of real life as are calculated to instruct

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\* We are happy to inform our dear readers that the writer of this series of articles, who for some time had been seriously ill, has sufficiently recovered to again take up his versatile pen [THE EDITOR.]

and to improve, or, like the worst school of realists, depict indiscriminately the good and the evil, virtue and vice, heroism and depravity, the most ennobling deeds and recitals, or the most loathsome and defiling scenes from human nature, fallen and hideous in its moral ugliness?

"We suppose the

IDEAL JOURNALIST,

whom we have now here before us, to have been blessed with a mother as careful of his purity of soul, while yet under her care, as for her own hopes of eternal salvation—as watchful to keep away from the eyes and ears of her boys and girls every book, publication, picture, sights or conversation that could make their unsullied minds suspect the existence of moral evil—as she had been watchful to keep the deadliest poison from their food or fire and flame from the white curtains of the crib or the bed in which her darlings reposed. What journalist, what noble-souled man could wish his mother to have been other than this in her loving and jealous care of his childhood and boyhood's innocence?

"We suppose, further, that this boy, so tenderly cared for, becomes, perhaps, a journalist and a true man through this very nurture, has now a wife and children infinitely dear to him. He has chosen his wife because he thought he had discovered in her the living image of his mother, who, in her turn, would be sure to do for his children what had been done for himself—keep their souls and their lives from the thought or the approach of evil as long as they remained in her home—Paradise.

"Have you not still, after so many years of married life, so tender, so jealous a care of your wife's innocence and of her absolute ignorance of the evil world you know of, that nothing could induce you to break in upon her happy dream of ignorance, or to lift the veil that covers from her pure eyes the dark depths of that same outside world with its hideous forms of sin and shame? Is it not one of the deepest joys of your life to keep ever before the minds of your children that other serene, lightsome, angelic world, which is only a distant vision, beheld through the mists of sense, of that world of purity, peace, imperishable beauty and glory unfading that we were all created for? Have you never told your own heart, or told your wife and children, during your brief intervals of heart-rest at home, that the unseen world is the only real world, the world of unchangeable and eternal realities?"

Would the journalists, one and all, bear in mind this beautiful portrait of an ideal journalist as reflected by "The mirror of true womanhood and true men" by Rev. B. O'Reilly, they would make their newspapers a wholesome institution of desirable information, of true enlightenment and a helpful assistance in shaping noble characters, in planting Christian virtues, inspiring the readers with elevated ideas of man's life end and destination.

Little do we care to wade through the dirt and filth of shocking details of the immorality in most of the divorce cases; of murders, caused by jealousy and often rather worse motives based on infidelity, illicit love, either true or only foisted as a disreputable pretext; of enticing advertisements in words and pictures of dramatic patchwork, which is condemned by good critics as irredeemably bad in every respect, without artistic merit or literary excellence in plot, execution or style, but so much more gratifying to the prurient fancy, the meanest appetites of the most debased sight-seers and sensualistic pleasure-seekers.

What a contrast! Just think of it for one moment! As good Christians you and all of your family have just about finished your morning prayers, and at your door—*your* door—lies the abominable expectoration of a putrified mind, unconscientiously bought and sold and bargained for the almighty dollar in the service of hell and the devil, “going about and seeking whom he may devour.”

And, again, you and your family have invoked the blessing of God on your meal, and on the sideboard table within convenient reach is already unfolded that rotten stuff. Well, let us hope not for the dessert!

The board of health in every town and city is held in duty bound to provide for sanitary conditions in building sewers which empty into rivers or places remote enough not to impair the sanitary conditions. Why then, and how can we, allow those sewers of immorality empty into our American homes of our pure-minded wives and innocent sons and daughters?

The barefoot schoolboy may wade in the mud and squirt it up between his toes, merely to enjoy the sensation, but coming home his ever watchful mother will give him time to study over the boyish folly of soiling his clean clothes, while he will not so much enjoy the itch of the well-deserved spanking served him by his aggravated mamma. And now, how dare you make excuse for reading the minutest details of the most scandalous affairs? Be honest and be aware of the sting of the spanking reproaches of your conscience! Yes, sit down with that boy in the corner of the room and confess: “We are both soiled and spanked, and—we better reform in order to save us more trouble.”

Oh, we see! You keep and read the daily newspaper—and particularly that one? Aha! Just to keep you posted on politics! Very well, that paper is a pretty clean sheet; about just as clean as one can expect—under prevailing circumstances. Thanks be to God there are some journalists who respect the reputation and honor of our American homes as well as that of their newspapers! In matters politic the journalists understand pretty well to humor their readers and make them believe they are under the beautiful flag of the Stars and Stripes—the uncrowned

sovereigns of the Land of Liberty, of the Land of the Brave and the Free. During the political campaign the air is full of party enthusiasm; on election day the free citizen walks up to the poll—just as proud as the peacock strolling about on the lawn—and casts his vote for his ticket and his candidates. He does? He either casts his vote for the ticket and candidates selected by the few political ring-leaders or—"stays at home." If it is true at all that "money talks," and that "money makes the mare go," it is true in matters politic! With the present method of selecting and appointing candidates an honest election of honest officers is almost out of question; we are badly in need of a reform, and a radical one, too! Said a few years ago a journalist who could never be induced to run for an office and, consequently, immune of an office itch: "Free citizen, stand on your own dignity and on your own good judgment, and on your right and privilege of selecting and appointing your candidates!" Remember: "Vox populi, vox Dei!" Thus you will cut out narrow-minded partisanship and above all, corruption in politics. He concluded with the rather prosaic but significant sentence: "I for one do not believe to follow a leader with the pathetic trust of a blind jackass plodding in the wake of a hay-wagon."



### **The Friend of Religious Communities.**

A more holy or venerable cloister has never existed in this world than that in the little town of Nazareth, nineteen hundred years ago. It has become the ideal and perfect model of all religious communities, and its three holy inhabitants, Jesus, Mary and Joseph, are the mirror of all souls consecrated to God, which they ought daily to contemplate, in order to mould according to these three hearts their own life, their souls, their whole hearts. Yes, truly, this poor little hut of Nazareth has witnessed in their highest perfection all those virtues which form the real foundation of a life consecrated to God.

Poverty, chastity, obedience, mortification, manual labor, humility and self-denial, charity and sacrifice, prayer and contemplation—all these sweet and heavenly flowers have never flourished more luxuriantly nor beautifully than in the house of Nazareth, the first Christian cloister upon earth. The head of this little community, the glorious St. Joseph, has been at all times an especial friend, patron and protector of all houses and souls consecrated to God, and still to this day often manifests this fatherly predilection in a remarkable manner, even sometimes condescending to work miracles to prove his paternal care and compassion for religious, when suffering distress of any kind.



# For Our Young Folks



## Marion's Venture.

(Written for ST. ANTHONY'S MESSENGER by B.)

### CHAPTER XI.—IN THE SUNNY SOUTH.



HE climate, and above all the atmosphere of kindness by which she was surrounded, wrought wonders for poor, broken-hearted Marion.

Newcomb wrote regularly, but merely to save appearances. His letters concealed many a barbed arrow, and the Colonel began to note that she was always much depressed after receiving them.

"Marion, what does that cad write? You're always woe-begone for several days after receiving his letters."

"Oh, there is nothing amiss with his letters, uncle! You know it's natural for me to feel a little lonely at times."

"Not a bit of it. You're with your own and you have time and privilege to your heart's content to attend religious services. I am sure you were often debarred from that happiness in your own home."

"Circumstances were sometimes unfavorable;" she admitted.

"Well, child, enjoy the present. Here's Sambo with the horses. Off you and Jinny go for a canter in that beautiful forest that brings the color to your cheeks again; you now sometimes look like your own blooming self, little Marion."

The weeks lengthened into months. Marion was happy in the free exercise of her religion; but there hung over her a dark presentiment of impending evil. She knew not what to dread. She had confided all to Virginia, and she feared the worst. Newcomb had returned to his home in the far West; his time had expired in Congress, and she knew of no complication that could absorb his time and attention. She had mentioned that her visit had quite restored her health, and that whenever he so decided she would be in readiness to return home. In his next curt missive he quite overlooked this point. The situation was becoming acute.

"Virginia," confided Marion, much distressed, "there is certainly something the matter with Percy. Perhaps he has sustained losses, perhaps business matters are troublesome. Do you not think, dearest, that it is my duty to return to him?" she asked, anxiously.

"No, Marion! I really do not under the circumstances," said Virginia, decidedly. "He has not shown the slightest anxiety to have you return. It would be very imprudent for you to risk it. Papa has heard several unfavorable rumors concerning Percy, and"—

"Oh, if he is going astray, it is my place to endeavor, by every means, to reclaim him. I really must go."

"No, dear, you must not think of such a thing. We are bound first to ascertain what his aims are. Papa will never allow you to expose yourself."

Time dragged wearily on for some weeks. Percy's letters were not so regular, and they contained dark hints which Marion could not fathom, but their drift was clear to Virginia.

"Papa!" she said on one occasion, when Marion had gone to pay her accustomed visit to the Blessed Sacrament, "I fear there is serious trouble brewing for Marion."

"Trouble, how?" he asked, anxiously.

"Now, papa, if you promise me, mind, give me your word, that you will keep cool and undertake nothing rash and wait for further developments, I will enlighten you as to the real situation of affairs."

"Must I promise all that?" asked the Colonel, frowning.

"Yes, papa, you must, or I cannot speak," answered Virginia, firmly.

"Well, you generally are a prudent little body. I will be guided by you, but take care whither you lead me. You have my word."

"Papa, Marion's life has been a martyrdom. Newcomb positively refused to fulfill his portion of the contract, and he has treated the poor, delicate child with neglect and cruelty."

The Colonel sprang to his feet, and striking the table with his clenched fist, cried out: "The hound, the low-born hound! How dare he! I'll have satisfaction from him; he shall not trample on Evelyn's child with impunity!"

"Your word, papa, remember. Listen, from all that I can glean from his letters to Marion, he's earnestly considering the advisability of applying for a divorce."

"A divorce!" thundered the Colonel, "he would dare insinuate such a thing! Our family has never been disgraced in this way. A divorce from Marion! He was never fit to mate with her; the upstart comes from the dregs of the people. By jove, I'll"—

"Papa, listen to reason, and remember your plighted word; of course it is an awful thing, but, papa, I assure you of two evils it is the less. The fellow is a tyrant and he will have our poor Marion in the grave before another year has passed. If it were not for the publicity of the affair, unkind gossip and the like, I would be heartily glad. Believe me, she is well rid of him."

"Why did you not enlighten me before we left?" said the Colonel, fiercely.

"Oh, papa, you could not have made a violent scene on such an occasion?" pleaded Virginia.

"One thing is certain, the rascal had better keep clear of Jack when he returns, or he will not stand in need of a divorce, and as for myself, I will thrash him within an inch of his miserable life, if I should have to travel a thousand miles for the chance."

The Colonel was too indignant for further conversation. He retired in a rage to his own apartment. Virginia was much alarmed at the storm she had called forth.

## CHAPTER XII.—A DIVORCE.

After all, perhaps, it was not so bad, and she had been precipitate. The morning mail brought a large important looking document addressed to Marion. It was from the law firm of Gregg & Co. The bolt had fallen!

"God help Marion!" Virginia faltered. Before delivering it she thought best to consult her father, although she dreaded its effect on him. Yes, it was a communication from Newcomb's lawyers, suing for a divorce from Marion Stafford on the plea of abandonment, incompatibility, want of sympathy, etc. It was a lucky thing for Newcomb that a thousand miles were between him and the Colonel, or he would have had no need of recourse to the law.

The difficulty that now faced Virginia was how to prepare Marion for this terrible blow. She begged her to receive Holy Communion with her for a special intention, and during the course of the forenoon broke the terrible news as gently as possible. Marion was crushed. She had loved him but all too fondly, and a woman's love dies slowly and painfully. She sat pale and tearless, with clasped hands murmuring: "Percy, Percy, oh, how could you do this terrible thing?"

"Marion, dear, don't name him. Papa is raging. Tear his image out of your heart, child, he is all unworthy."

"Oh, the disgrace, the disgrace!" she wailed.

"No disgrace about it, Marion; he is in the main a low adventurer, while you are from a highly respected and ancient family. No one whose opinion is worth anything will hesitate to impute the whole blame to him. This is not his first open act in his downward career; he will show himself ere long in his true colors."

"But I thought him so good and noble," said Marion, weeping bitterly.

"That was pardonable, Marion; you were but a child and had no experience in the wicked world." The Colonel came in hastily.

"Hold up your head, Marion, my girl! You know you come from a family of soldiers. Don't show the white feather now. That scamp

was not fit to be a scullion in your kitchen. My lawyer will be here in a few moments; tell him bravely that the divorce will be a relief to you, and that without terms or conditions you wish the divorce to take immediate effect," said the Colonel, in a towering rage.

"But, oh, uncle, it is simply killing!"

"Be plucky, my little girl! I know the thing is going to cause you a bad week, but never mind, when all is settled, you'll feel as if a mountain had been lifted from your sore young heart," he said, soothingly.

"I will try, uncle, I will try, but for God's sake avoid all scandal; it is more than I can bear, and of late, God knows, I have had much to bear."

The Colonel entrusted the case to his old and very able lawyer, Mordaunt. There was to be no question of a compromise, absolute and speedy separation; no alimony, but if the rascal dares to impute the least fault to Marion, he would prosecute him instantly. The only thing to be insisted on, was to come to a settlement with as little publicity as possible. Mordaunt promised to do his utmost to keep the affair out of the papers.

Two weeks of intense anxiety dragged by. Marion was becoming daily more feeble, she seemed to be sinking into a decline.

"If this business don't soon come to a close, we'll have to bury the poor girl. Oh, if I could only get hold of Newcomb."

"Never mind, papa, leave him to God! You know we must not be revengeful," said Virginia, gently.

Finally all was settled. Marion was again Marion Stafford. Free this time to devote her life to the service of God and suffering humanity.

Newcomb rightly judged that he had better have the ocean between himself and the Colonel. The affair was, of course, a nine days' wonder in fashionable circles. A new sensation, however, was soon afloat and Marion's sad experience was forgotten.

For a long time she drooped; it seemed she lacked the vital energy to bear up under the cruel blow. But time is the best healer, and as the young spring came rejoicing into the land, scattering bloom, beauty and song with lavish profusion, she recovered gradually. Day by day she became more calm; still it was plain that the iron had entered her soul. She bore up bravely, however, and was a ministering angel to the poor and afflicted of the neighborhood.

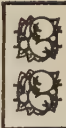
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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—OUR Lord permits St. Joseph to help us in all, as if He wished to show that, as on the earth this saint occupied the place of father to Him, and was so called, in like manner He cannot refuse him anything now in Heaven.



## St. Anthony's Department



### St. Anthony's Ever Ready Help.

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EV. FR. IGNATIUS, of the Convent of the Friars Minor at St. Trond, Belgium, wrote a few years ago to the editor of a St. Anthony's periodical: Some time ago a lady came to the convent and begged us to bless her child, a little boy of three years. A few weeks before he had lost his sight; every semblance of a pupil had disappeared entirely, and all the doctors who had been consulted avowed their utter inability to do anything for the child. What should she do?

"Begin a novena in honor of St. Anthony," answered the Father who had listened to her narrative, "and if one is not sufficient, begin a second, and you shall see that St. Anthony will help you." The good woman departed encouraged and at once began her novena. She also told her little blind boy and two companions of his age to pray. Each day prostrate before the image of St. Anthony they said in their naive language: "Dear St. Anthony, hear our prayer." Now on the ninth day the child that had been deprived of its eyesight for eleven weeks was entirely cured. Today he sees perfectly and gives thanks to his heavenly succorer.—(Translated for ST. ANTHONY'S MESSENGER from "*St. Antoine de Padoue*," by Fr. G. S., O. F. M.)

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### St. Francis Seraphicus College.

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UR students have entered upon the second half of the present scholastic year with an earnestness that cannot fail to be an inspiration to their professors, and augurs well for unqualified success during the remaining five months.

The semi-annual election of officers of the St. Francis Literary Circle resulted as follows: Rev. Ermin Schneider, O. F. M., moderator; Joseph Georgel, president; Paul Fiedler, vice-president; Bernard Casey, secretary; Alphonse Mollaun, treasurer; Albert Schulte and Vincent Lutomski, censors; Victor Ramstetter, Leonard Blank and John Manion, librarians.

Our Seraphic College mourns the loss of the Rev. Fr. Ethelbert Morgan, O. F. M., who entered into eternal rest at Lafayette, Ind., January 21. Father Ethelbert was a man of excellent priestly character and of superior pedagogic qualities. Albeit of short duration, his

professorship was one of remarkable success, and the students will ever hold his name in loving remembrance.

The students offered up Holy Communion for the repose of his soul, and January 26 a solemn Highmass of Requiem was celebrated in the college chapel by the Rev. Fr. Urban, O. F. M., assisted by Rev. Valentine as deacon, Fr. Placidus as sub-deacon and Fr. Conradine as master of ceremonies.

The professors, clerics and students chanted the Requiem Mass, and Father Flavian, O. F. M., preached the sermon, which was an eloquent tribute to the memory of the deceased professor. We recommend the soul of dear Father Ethelbert to the fervent prayers of our friends and benefactors.

The annual retreat for our students was held January 24-28, and was conducted by the eloquent missionary, Rev. Fr. Flavian Larbes, O. F. M. Five times daily the good and zealous Father explained in a luminous manner the sublime truths of religion and the various duties and obligations of aspirants to the sacred priesthood. The retreat was brought to a close January 28 with Holy Mass, General Communion, Sermon, Renewal of Baptismal Vows, Papal Blessing, Benediction and Te Deum. Our sincere thanks to Father Flavian for his zealous labor in behalf of our students.

The formal opening of the second semester took place January 31 in the presence of the entire college faculty and student body. Father Provincial addressed the students, admonishing them to cultivate, as it behooves ecclesiastical students, true piety and unremitting diligence.

At the close of the first semester two students discontinued their studies and one new applicant was admitted.

We sympathize in sorrow with the Rev. Fr. Romuald Helmig, O. F. M., Professor at our Seraphic College, for the loss of his dear brother, Mr. William Helmig, of Covington, Ky., who departed this life February 9. May his soul rest in peace!



## Book Notices.

THE LIFE OF BLESSED JOHN B. MARIE VIANNEY, CURÉ OF ARS. Compiled from approved sources. Preface by the Rev. Albert A. Lings. Brochure, 110 pages, published by *Joseph Schaefer*, 9 Barclay street, New York. Price, 15 cents; 100 copies, \$10.00.—A short but well written sketch of the life of a humble Priest whose Beatification has taken place only a few years ago (January 8, 1905). Humility, self-sacrifice, mortification and a boundless zeal for the salvation of

souls are the chief characteristics of the holy man whose sanctity has been proved by many miracles. No one can read this little book without being moved to follow the wise counsels and imitate the holy example of the Blessed Curé of Ars, who during forty-two years had guided countless souls on the path of virtue and duty. In addition a Novena and Litany in honor of Blessed Vianney is given. A fine half-tone portrait of the holy Priest adorns the booklet.—A separate leaflet containing the Litany may also be had from the same publisher at 10 cents per dozen, or 50 cents per 100.

**DAILY COMMUNION.** By Rev. Louis F. Schlathoelter, Troy, Mo. Translated from the German by the author. Brochure, 31 pages. Columbia Publishing Company. Price per single copy, 5 cents; per dozen, 40 cents; per hundred, \$2.50.—This booklet gives in plain language a clear and concise explanation of the Holy Father's Decree on daily Holy Communion, issued December 16, 1905. The objections usually brought forward against this most salutary practice are ably refuted by the author. We hope that the reading of this brochure will induce many, if not all, to receive Holy Communion daily, or at least, as often as they possibly can.

We are grateful to the "*Catholic Standard and Times*," of Philadelphia, for a copy of the ALMANAC for 1911, published for the benefit of its readers. As an every-day book of reference it will surely be appreciated by all, especially by the faithful of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia, as it gives them a correct list of all Churches, Institutions, Schools and the Clergy, both Secular and Regular.

BENZIGER BROS., New York, Cincinnati and Chicago, announce the publication of the following new books:

**MISSAL FOR THE LAITY**, the only complete Roman Missal in the English language, specially adapted for North America. Printed on India paper, embossed cloth binding, 16mo., 1,800 pages, net, \$1.85. Latin text side by side with English version.

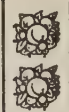
**GOD, CHRIST AND THE CHURCH.** Catholic Doctrine and Practice explained, with answers to objections, and examples. By Rev. Bonaventure Hammer, O. F. M. 500 pages, net, \$2.00. Sold in connection with "*Benziger's Magazine*" at \$3.00 for the *Book* and the *Magazine* for one year.

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—BE not afraid of sorrow; for when grasped firmly, like the nettle, it never stings. The life that has not known sorrow is still untaught; the life that has spurned the lesson of sorrow is cold and hard; but the life that has been disciplined by sorrow is courageous and full of holy and gentle love.



## Chronicle of the Order



**Rome.**—The Holy Father has decided not to have any solemn functions in St. Peter's, nor to receive in audience large bodies of pilgrims during the present year, in which the enemies of the Church are celebrating the 40th anniversary of "United Italy," or to tell the truth plainly, the anniversary of "robbing the Pope of his temporal possessions" and proclaiming Rome, the city of the Popes, the capital of Italy. All good children of the Church will readily understand the reason the Holy Father has, in wishing to spend this year in a quiet and retired manner, and sympathize with him in his grief and sorrow.

—According to the latest statistics the Friars Minor, under the jurisdiction of the Most Rev. Denis Schuler, O. F. M., have at present: 860 convents and 627 hospices or residences, in which there are 8,571 Priests, 2,211 Clerics preparing for the Priesthood, 3,969 Laybrothers, 663 Novices and 1,584 Postulants, making a grand total of 16,968.

The Franciscan Capuchin Order at present numbers 5,116 Priests, 1,477 Clerics, 3,020 Laybrothers and 693 Novices, a total of 10,306 domiciled in 774 convents and 162 hospices.

—The interesting ceremony of the "Blessing of the Lambs" took place this year as usual on the feast of St. Agnes (January 21) in her church on the Via Nomentana. For the information of those of our readers who have not heard of this beautiful ceremony before, we subjoin the following brief account:

Two little lambs, emblems of innocence and sacrifice, selected from the fold of the Trappists of Tre Fontane (Three Fountains), are brought into the church in separate baskets, resting on damask cushions, with their legs tied in red and blue ribbons, and thus laid upon the altar. The blessing is given by the Abbot of the Canons Regular of the \*Lateran, the choir meanwhile singing the antiphon: "Stans a dextris eius Agnus nive candidior, etc." (A lamb, whiter than the snow, standing at her right, etc.) The blessing finished, they are delivered to the master of ceremonies of the Lateran Basilica, who takes them to the Vatican to present them to the Pope. The Holy Father sends them to the Nuns of St. Cecilia in Trastevere, whose property they become. About Easter they are shorn of their beautiful white fleece, which is given to the Pope. This is woven into *Palliums*, which are blessed on the vigil of the feast of Saints Peter and Paul, and then placed in an urn in the "Confession of St. Peter's Basilica over the Apostle's tomb. These are sent by the Holy Father to newly appointed Archbishops, to be worn by them as a symbol of their share in the plenary jurisdiction of the Chief Shepherd over the whole flock of Christ.

—(Correspondence, February 2, 1911.)—The ancient church of SS. Peter and Marcellin, where the Roman Temple of Isis and Serapis stood, on the Via Labicana, has been made a parish church, and solemnly opened on the feast of the Presentation, February 2.

—Father Christopher van Bussel, O. F. M., who has been a missionary in South Chian-si, China, for the past twenty years, passed through Rome this month with four other Fathers of the Dutch

Province, Gelasius Wismans, Jesualdus van Hemert, Rumbertus Graman and Silvanus van den Bosch, who will be his co-laborers in the missions of South Chian-si.

—The international organ of the "Pious Union of St. Anthony," *La Voce di San Antonio*, has again changed its size, being reduced to a more convenient, though less attractive, form.

—Msgr. Sebastiano Pifferi, O. F. M., Archbishop of La Platta, Bolivia, has been made "Assistant to the Pontifical Throne."

—The College of Cardinals has been bereaved of another distinguished member, Cardinal Segna, Prefect of the Congregation of the Index. He is succeeded by Cardinal Della Volpe.

(Fr. N. R., O. F. M.)

**China.**—From a letter recently received we glean the glad news that our dear confrère, Fr. Sylvester Espelage, O. F. M., of the Province of St. John the Baptist, who left Cincinnati in September, 1905, for the Vicariate of East Hupè, is doing very well. He has been appointed Vice-Procurator of the Missions and Pastor of the Catholic church at Hankow. At Christmas, he with two other Fathers heard 700 confessions, which goes to prove that the good people there are just as fervent as our own are here. God bless them!

**India.**—The consecration of the Rt. Rev. Philip Presuti, O. M. C., whose appointment to the Apostolic Vicariate of Arabia we mentioned in our January issue, took place on November 30, last year, in the Cathedral of Agra. The consecrating Prelate was the Most Rev. Charles Gentili, O. M. C., Archbishop of Agra, who was assisted by the Rt. Rev. Petronius Gramigna, O. M. C., Bishop of Allahabad, and the Rt. Rev. Fabian Easterman, O. M. C., Bishop of Lahore. Bishop Presuti sailed from Bombay December 15, and is now in his new field of activity.

**England.**—The English Province of the Capuchin Friars Minor rejoices at the appointment of one of its most active members to the newly established Archiepiscopal See of Simla, the important center of the vast Indian Empire. This signal honor has been bestowed on the well-known Father Anselm Kenealy. Born October 25, 1864, in Wales, of Irish descent, he received the habit of St. Francis November 1, 1879, at the novitiate in Pantasaph, was ordained to the priesthood in 1887, and in the following year was appointed to teach philosophy. In 1892 he was transferred to Pantasaph, where at the end of that year he took up the editorship of the "*Franciscan Annals*," which post he continued to fill, except for a short interval, until the end of 1902. In 1896 he resumed the lectorship of philosophy, in 1899 he was appointed Guardian at Crawley, and in 1902 was elected Provincial of the Capuchin Order in England, when he vacated the editorial office of the "*Annals*." In January, 1908, he was called to Rome and elected Definitor-General in the Chapter held in the May following. The consecration took place on New Year's day in Rome in the Chapel of the Propaganda. The consecrating Prelate was His Eminence Cardinal Gotti, assisted by His Grace the Archbishop of Westminster and Archbishop Jaquet of the Conventual Friars Minor.

The new Archbishop, before leaving for his new field of activity,

paid a short visit to his old home, arriving in London January 9, and after celebrating Mass in Westminster Cathedral, went on to Crawley, where he presided at Solemn Highmass on Sunday, January 15, the feast of the Most Holy Name. The parishioners of Crawley, with which place the Archbishop of Simla was so long connected, presented to His Grace an illuminated address and a set of Episcopal vessels. The address, which was illuminated by a Friar of the Crawley community, was greatly admired, and by none more so than by its distinguished recipient. From all our heart we wish His Grace a long and prosperous administration.

**Canada.**—The Rev. Fr. Dunstan, O. F. M., has left Montreal recently for the missionary field in the Holy Land. During the past two years the good Father has labored most successfully, especially as Director of the Immaculate Conception Sisterhood of the Third Order in Montreal.

**United States—Cincinnati, O.**—The Rev. Missionary Fathers of the Province of St. John the Baptist are again zealously engaged in conducting missions, principally in the Archdiocese of Cincinnati, as His Grace, the Most Rev. Archbishop Moeller, has ordered a mission to be conducted in every parish, in preparation of the "Fifth Eucharistic Congress of the United States," which is to be held in this city during the coming autumn.

The Rev. Fr. Vincent Trost, O. F. M., who had been lying seriously sick with pneumonia at St. Margaret's Hospital, Kansas City, Mo., since December 19 of last year, has so far recovered that he is again able to say holy Mass. It will, however, take several more months before he will be able to resume his fruitful missionary work. We earnestly recommend him to our kind readers and request them to remember him in their pious prayers.

**Louisville, Ky.**—At last, after long and patient waiting, the good people of St. Boniface parish, which is in charge of the Franciscan Fathers, had the pleasure to see their beautiful new hall dedicated on Sunday evening, January 29. Ground for this magnificent building was broken towards the end of last June, but owing to the peculiar condition of the soil and the proximity of the grand church and the new school, work was necessarily slow though sure. Then, again, the weather often delayed, and at times even endangered the work. The idea of the Rev. Pastor, Father Richard Wurth, O. F. M., and of the able building committee, was to build *not quickly, but well*.

Passing through the massive portal, which faces south, we enter the large lobby, measuring 14 x 45 feet, the ticket office being to the west, and the cloak room and toilet, with all modern appointments, to the north. The floor of the lobby is laid in stucco, a sort of Venetian mosaic, making a fine appearance. Turning to the east, swinging doors lead us to the magnificent hall, 45 feet wide and 94 feet long, exclusive of the stage, which is 32 feet wide and 22 feet deep, not including the dressing rooms on both sides. The ceiling is divided into three parts, the center has six large, deeply sunken panels, whilst the sides have richly groined arches swinging in graceful lines towards the center.

The stage opening measures 22 feet and is framed in deep panels

with floral designs of exquisite delicacy in stucco, thus giving the stage the prominence and artistic appearance that goes to make up a grand hall. There are no pillars, no galleries, nothing in fact to obstruct the view. There is plenty of light by day, and abundance of electric light by night, to show the grandeur of the auditorium to its best advantage. The sceneries are grand and the stage appointments as complete and up-to-date as money can make them.

For the opening concert on the night of the dedication a choice program had been arranged, in which St. Boniface's choir and the St. Raphael's Young Men's Club took the leading parts. Mr. Urban Stengel delivered the German address of welcome, and Mr. Frank Geher greeted the vast and appreciative audience in English.

St. Boniface congregation, the members of which are universally known for their generosity, may justly be proud of its magnificent parish hall. To build a beautiful church, a model school house, a handsome parsonage, and now this grand hall, within the limit of ten years, is certainly a record such as few parishes in this country can boast of. The Rev. Pastor and his able assistants, as well as the worthy members of the building committee, and the parishioners in general, have our best wishes and sincere appreciation of the great work performed so ably and willingly.

**Peoria, Ill.**—The mortal remains of the Venerable Franciscan Sister Mary Roma (née Becker), who died at Keokuk, Iowa, were interred in St. Joseph's cemetery, this city, on Thursday, February 2, after a solemn Requiem celebrated for the repose of her soul in the Chapel of St. Francis Hospital. Deceased was born October 28, 1881, in Westfalia, Germany, and entered the community eight years ago. R. I. P.

**Lincoln, Neb.**—On Saturday, February 4, Rt. Rev. Thomas Bonacum, first Bishop of the diocese of Lincoln, who had been suffering from a severe attack of pneumonia, passed to his eternal reward. When the deceased took charge of his extensive diocese, which comprises that part of the state of Nebraska south of the Platte river, and has an area of 23,844 square miles, he found but few priests and churches, and a small number of Catholics in that great portion of the Lord's vineyard. Hence he called on several religious Orders and communities to assist him in his arduous labors. Among others, the Franciscan Fathers of the Cincinnati Province willingly responded to the appeal, and the Bishop in January, 1893, assigned to them St. Francis de Sales church in Lincoln, to which a number of missions were attached. He likewise invited the Sisterhoods to come and take charge of the parochial schools, academies and hospitals. Among those who accepted the call were the Franciscan Sisters of Lafayette, Ind., Milwaukee, St. Francis, Wis., and the Felicians of Detroit, Mich.

The Rt. Rev. Thomas Bonacum, D. D., was born January 29, 1847, at Thurles, County Tipperary, Ireland, and came to America when yet a child. He began his studies at Cape Girardeau, Mo., and finished them at Würzburg, Bavaria, and coming back, was ordained June 18, 1870, in St. Louis, Mo., by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Melcher, of Green Bay, Wis. After faithful work in various places in Missouri, he was

appointed Pastor of Holy Name church, St. Louis, which office he held from 1881 till 1887, when he was made Bishop of Lincoln. The consecration, at which the Most Rev. Archbishop Kenrick presided, took place November 30, 1887. R. I. P.

**Denver, Colo.**—A tablet to commemorate the tragic death of saintly Father Leo Heinrichs, O. F. M., was unveiled in St. Elizabeth's church, of which he was the Pastor, on February 23, the third anniversary of his assassination. Our readers will remember that the Rev. Father was giving holy Communion to his people when the dastardly murderer, after receiving the holy Host from the hands of the unsuspecting Priest, shot and killed him.

**Sacred Heart Province.**—(Correspondence, February 13, 1911.)—The past month has been a stress period for the students of the Sacred Heart Province. The semi-annual examinations were on all along the line. Very Rev. Fr. Benedict Schmidt, Provincial and Prefect of Studies, presided in person at the examinations, which embraced the entire field of preparatory studies of the Priesthood, including the college course at Teutopolis, Ill., humanities at Quincy, Ill., philosophy and first principles of theology at West Park, O., and special theology at St. Louis, Mo.

—Very Rev. Fr. Provincial recently performed the canonical visitation of the Poor Clares at Chicago, terminating the function by giving the habit of the Order to several heroic souls. He also visited the Poor Clares at Omaha, Neb., where a number of the nuns professed to the Rule of St. Clare. Instances of such heroic consecration to the cause of God, as that of these Sisters, are as consoling to the Church of God as they are rare in this pleasure-crazed world of ours.

—The following retreats by Fathers of the Sacred Heart Province were reported to us: At St. Solanus monastery, Quincy, Ill., by Fr. Maurice Baukholt, of St. Louis, February 5-11; at Mt. St. Rose Hospital, St. Louis, by Fr. Titus Hugger, of St. Louis, beginning February 12; at the Franciscan Houses of Chillicothe and Wien, Mo., by Fr. Cleto Girschewski, during the two weeks beginning February 12; at St. Solanus College, Quincy, Ill., by Fr. Francis Haase, of St. Augustine's, Chicago, at the close of the first session, end of January; at the Franciscan Residences of Omaha, Columbus and Humphrey, Neb., by Fr. Edmund Roediger, of Omaha.

—Brother Clementine Helmold, O. F. M., died at Mission Santa Barbara, Cal., January 17, aged 26 years, in the seventh year of his profession. His death came as the result of a long-standing ailment, which in its time forced him to give over his preparation for the holy priesthood for the less taxing vocation of a laybrother. R. I. P.

—News has reached us of the passing, on January 19, of Rev. Fr. Desiderius Liss, of the Franciscan convent at St. Annaberg, the celebrated shrine of Silesia, Germany. Fr. Desiderius was among the Franciscans who came to America on being exiled from the fatherland by the May Laws, in 1875. After a stay of some years, during which time he labored at Teutopolis, Quincy and Radom, Ill., he returned to the Mother Province in 1880, when the rigor of the Bismarck regime began to relax. Since then he had been active variously, but especially

as preacher of the Word of God. In recognition of his merits in this field, the title of Missionary Apostolic was conferred upon him. Father Desiderius died aged 67 years, in the forty-eighth year of his profession and in the fortieth of his priesthood. R. I. P.

(Fr. R. M., O. F. M.)

**San Jose, Cal.**—Plans are under way for the restoration of the old Mission of San Jose, Cal., founded in June, 1797, by Franciscan friars. In these projects the San Jose Chamber of Commerce is co-operating with the plans of Congressman Joseph R. Knowland to have the Native Sons' organization take hold of the restoration project. The old mission, now slowly crumbling to pieces, with the historic gravestones in its burial grounds tumbled to the earth, was the cradle of Alameda county, for, when it was established at the close of the eighteenth century, there was not a single white man living in the entire country, then given over to the Indians.

### **The One Great Aim.**

The object of the Church in all her dealings with those without as well as within, is the salvation of souls. This must be ours also as her faithful children. This object we shall be able to further only as we live in accordance with the spirit of our religion. It requires no deep or extensive knowledge of mankind to know that the road to their convictions lies through their affections. If we would be instrumental, under God in converting them, we must begin by loving them, by our love winning their love.

Nothing is gained by convincing a man against his will; often the very logic that convinces, where the affections are not won, serves only to repel from obedience to the truth. We succeed in influencing others for their good only in proportion as we set before them an example fit for them to follow—are meek, gentle, humble, charitable, kind and affectionate in our intercourse with them.

And why shall we not love these neighbors and countrymen of ours who have not the inconceivable happiness of being in the Church of God? Who are we that we should set up ourselves above them—that we should boast over them? What merit is it in us that we are not even as they? or how know we that ours will not be the greater condemnation? Are they not our kinsmen according to the flesh? Has not our God loved them with an infinite tenderness?

Repelled by the bigotry, fanaticism and hardheartedness of some, attracted by the sweetness, affection and kind offices of others, are we not prone to look upon these countrymen of ours who are out of the Church, either as persons whose conversion is hopeless or as persons who need no conversion—excusing ourselves from zealous labors to bring them to God by persuading ourselves that their conversion is not possible or is not necessary—forgetful that in either case we sin against faith and charity, and in both show ourselves wanting in true love of our neighbor and therefore of God? Is not here, in this double error, the reason why so few, comparatively, of our countrymen, are brought into the one fold, under the one Shepherd?—*Orestes A. Brownson.*



## Thanksgivings for Favors Received

are inserted in this column *free of charge*, provided the favor is clearly stated, the name and address of the sender given in full, and when received before the 15th of the month. If thanksgivings not specified are accompanied by an offering toward "St. Anthony's Bread," they will be acknowledged on third page of cover — otherwise not.

*Louisville, Ky., Jan. 15, 1911.* Enclosed you will find an offering for your poor students in thanksgiving for my son having recovered the use of his foot, which was in a very bad condition. J. L. S.

*Brooklyn, N. Y., January 15, 1911.* My brother being seriously sick and fearing that he might not recover, I prayed to St. Anthony and promised enclosed alms for the poor students, if he should again get well. Thanks to the dear Saint, he is all right again. M. M.

*Altoona, Pa., January 17, 1911.* For the recovery of my dear mother from severe pains caused by rheumatism, I return sincere thanks to our Blessed Lord and St. Anthony, and enclose the promised alms for your poor students. C. J.

*Toledo, Ohio, January 17, 1911.* Paying my taxes at the Court House, I inadvertently left an envelope containing some money to buy provisions with, on the clerk's desk, never missing it until I was at home again. Being sorely distressed at the loss, I asked St. Anthony to help me recover it. And he did, for the money was returned by the courtesy of the clerk. With sincere thanks to the dear Saint I enclose an offering for the poor students. M. D. M.

*Hankow, China, December 23, 1910.* By chance a copy of your MESSENGER fell into my hands, and reading the "Thanksgivings for Favors Received," my confidence in the great Wonderworker was re-kindled. Being in sore straits about a business matter, I at once began a novena to St. Anthony, and promised enclosed alms for St. Anthony's Bread. Before the novena was ended, the matter was satisfactorily settled, thanks to God and his powerful Saint. J. C. B.

*Greeley, Nebr., Jan. 23, 1911.* Please, accept enclosed in honor of St. Anthony for favors received through his intercession, especially for recovery without serious bad effects from an accident. J. H. B.

*Hyde Park, Vt., Jan. 24, 1911.* With sincere thanks to the Holy Family and St. Anthony, I forward an alms for the poor students for helping me while undergoing a very critical operation a few months ago. M. H. G.

*Milwaukee, Wis., Jan. 24, 1911.* For the speedy recovery of my dear sister from a very severe nervous prostration, I return thanks to the S. Heart of Jesus, St. Anthony and Bl. Sophie Barat, whose relic had been placed on the sufferer, and gratefully fulfill the promise made at the time. J. W.

*Los Angeles, Cal., February 4, 1911.* For the providential help obtained when in dire straits for a sum of money to be paid, I wish to express my sincerest thanks to the S. Heart, Our Lady of Perpetual Help, St. Joseph, dear St. Anthony and the Holy Souls in Purgatory, and enclose an offering for the poor students. B. M. C.

*Phoenix, Ariz., February 4, 1911.* For obtaining the work I desired and plenty of it, also for better health of my child, steady employment for my husband and successfully renting property, I am very grateful to St. Anthony and enclose promised alms. L. H.

*Chicago, Ill., Febr. 6, 1911.* Enclosed offering is in fulfillment of a promise made to the S. Heart, the Bl. Virgin, St. Joseph and St. Anthony last November for helping me to secure two bondsmen for \$10,000 each, as executor of my father's will. With sincere thanks I herewith fulfill my promise. F. J. B.

*Mt. Airy, Ohio, Febr. 9, 1911.* Thanks to the S. Heart and St. Anthony for successfully passing my examinations at school. C. W.

*New York City, Febr. 9, 1911.* For the happy recovery from a recent illness and also for obtaining a permanent position, I wish to thank good St. Anthony and through him the Sacred Heart and the Bl. Virgin Mary. I enclose the promised alms. M. B.

### THANKSGIVINGS ARE ALSO OFFERED:

*For Restoration to Health:* C. A. M., Wheeling, Pa.

*For Recovery of Lost Articles:* L. R., Cincinnati, O., (Money).—A. F., Madison, Wis., (Bracelet).—H. G. Marietta, O.

*For Obtaining a Position:* C. M. A., Louisville, Ky.—A. M. D., Cincinnati, O.

*For Special Favors:* I. H. D., St. Louis, Mo.—E. W., Manistee, Mich.—J. S., Ft. Stevens, Ore.—E. L. N., Spalding, Nebr.—M. F., Lincoln, Nebr.—M. O' F., Danville, Ill.—E. D. A., Cincinnati, O.

### Monthly Intentions.

Cure of failing eyesight.—Restoration of health.—Successful and just settlement of several law suits.—To receive a sum of money due.—Several conversions.—Grace of temperance and piety.—Grace to know the will of God in a certain matter.—Health and God's blessing for a family.—Successful sale of a house.—To obtain good and steady employment.—Means to pay debts.—Conversion of many persons.—That several persons be promoted in their work.—Conversion of a husband.—Ways and means to make a living.—That a boy give up bad company and become more studious.—For courage and patience.—Sale of property.—Success in business.—Success of a salesman in his present position.—Cure of nervousness.—Good sale of several houses.—A good home for two persons.—Restoration of health and mind.—Grace of a happy death.—God's blessing upon our undertakings.—For many persons to become temperate.—To obtain desired positions for several persons.—To have a clear mind and be prudent in speech.—Sale of land.—Conversion of several persons to the Catholic faith.—Return of a husband to his family.—Restoration to sound mind for a mother.—Many special, spiritual and temporal intentions.—All intentions recommended to the "Pious Union of St. Anthony."—All intentions placed at the foot of the statute of St. Anthony in our oratory.—All readers, contributors and zealous agents of "ST. ANTHONY'S MESSENGER."—The conversion of sinners.—The Poor Souls.

### Days of Indulgences in March.

On the 5th. St. John Joseph of the Cross, Conf. I. O.

On the 6th. St. Coleta, Virgin II. O.

On the 9th. St. Catharine of Bologna, Virgin III. O.

On the 19th. St. Joseph, Foster-Father of Jesus. **General Absolution.**

On the 22d. St. Benvenute, Bishop I. O.

On the 25th. Feast of the Annunciation of the B. V. M. **General Absolution.**

On the day of the monthly meeting for the members of the III. Order who have confessed, received, visited the church, and prayed for the Holy Father's intentions.

One other day which they might select, each month, on same conditions.

As often as they recite the Franciscan Crown or Rosary.

As often as they recite the "Our Father," "Hail Mary," and "Glory be to the Father," etc., five times for the safety of the Church, and once for the intentions of the Sovereign Pontiff.

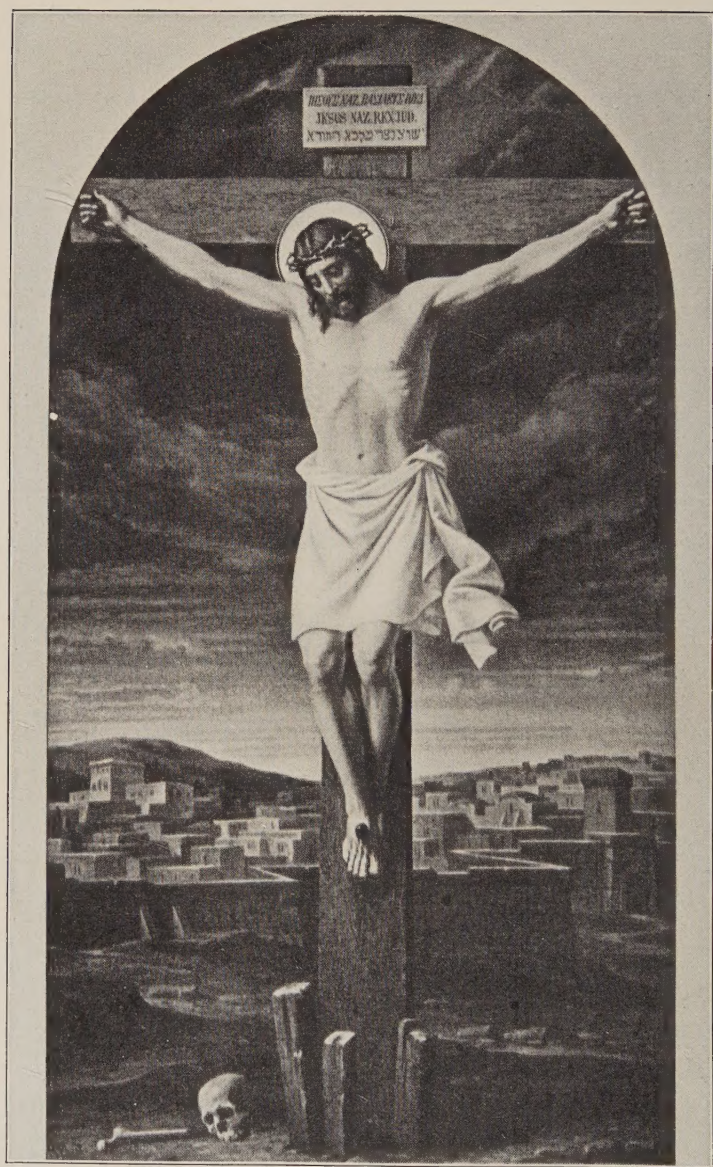
### Monthly Patroness: ST. CATHERINE OF BOLOGNA.

### Obituary.

Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of HENRY McMANUS, who died January 15, 1911, at Buffalo, N. Y. He was an exemplary member of the III. O., and a zealous agent of "ST. ANTHONY'S MESSENGER" for many years.—MARY E. MURRAY, who departed this life January 29, 1911, at Portsmouth, Va. She was a devout client of St. Anthony and a faithful subscriber to the ST. ANTHONY MESSENGER.—MARY POHLKAMP (née Kluemper), who passed to her reward February 5, 1911, at Covington, Ky., aged 57 years, 5 months and 25 days. She was the mother of our Rev. Confrère, Fr. Diomedé, O. F. M.

May their souls and the souls of the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!





"IT IS CONSUMMATED!" (*John 19, 30.*)